

# Good Morning 195

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

## MILLIONAIRESS — BUT SHE LIKED HER CROOKS

MRS. PRATT was the heiress to the Singer millions; but, when she died in 1935, it was found she had made six wills in as many years, and then two others were discovered. But will-making was a mild eccentricity of this strange woman.

She often beat her servants, accused them of stealing her things, and then she would strew her garments about her rooms and leave them to be picked up. One of her delights was to dance nude in her bedroom and compel her domestics to watch her dancing!

She came to Europe, engaged suites at the most expensive hotels, and upset the smooth running of the establishments by shooting off revolvers in the dining-rooms. Often she hurled plates of meat at other diners whose faces she said she didn't like.

What caused all this misbehaviour? Up to 1918 she was a quiet, refined lady, conducting herself as became her station and finances.

One story was that she came under the spell of a doctor who used to inoculate her with a drug that produced a kind of Jekyll-and-Hyde existence. Whether this was so was never proved, but it was evident that she had completely changed.

She was so eccentric that if she saw a man whom she took a fancy to, she used to hand him bunches of banknotes and give him jewellery worth thousands of pounds. In some cases she found that her fancy was not worth her attention, and then she would engage expensive lawyers to recover the money and jewellery.

She came to London and spent much of her time investigating the underworld. She made friends with most of London's crooks, and learned the habits and technique of their methods. She frequented every night club, and spent money like water.

But she was shrewd. In London she boasted that she always kept a bank balance of £50,000 on which to draw. The result of this was that expert forgers tried to get hold of her signature—and one managed it.

He presented a forged cheque for £1,000 at her bank—and was promptly arrested. What Mrs. Pratt had not told her friends in crookland was that she had arranged with her bank not to pay out money on cheques that did not have a secret symbol.

Many other crooks tried to get past her bankers, by using

different methods, but none was ever successful. Her criminal admirers became so pressing that she engaged ex-Chief Inspector James Stockley, of Scotland Yard, to act as her bodyguard. The latest will she made left £5,000 a year for life to Stockley.

In one of her earlier wills she left the ex-chief inspector a cool million. But that will was not valid.

She used to tease her own relatives about her wills. One day she would invite some to see her new will, which had their names in it. Next day she would send for them to say she had made a new one and had left them out altogether.

When she was asked to whom she would leave all her money, she replied to one inquirer, who was a relative, that she would easily find somebody; then she wrote down a number of names under big bequests.

When her relative told her that the names were meaningless, Mrs. Pratt replied that they were not. They were the names of her corset-makers, sales girls in shops, and other minor people she had contacted.

One thing was discovered. She had kept her capital intact, had made lots of money when sharp business men were losing theirs, and had never been bluffed by a crook. So the judge who settled up her estate said she was quite capable of testamentary capacity and her behaviour was her own affair.

# AMERSHAM (BUCKS) ADOPTS "UNBROKEN"



AND WAS THE PARTY GOOD!

THE twenty men from a boat had been in Amersham twenty-seven hours by seven-thirty on Saturday evening.

They arrived the previous afternoon and were welcomed at the station by hundreds of children from the local schools. They gave the kiddies chocolate and autographed their exercise books. At the Air Training Corps headquarters at Amersham Grammar School the visitors had tea and were introduced to the burghers.

In the evening they had dinner and they danced with girls from the villages. On Saturday they walked, drank beer, met the locals, and had lunch at a roadhouse, the Mill Stream, on Chequers Hill. The afternoon was spent round two billiard tables at a canteen.

The party consisted of Lieut. B. Andrew, D.S.C., R.N., skipper of H.M. Submarine "Unbroken," Lieut. E. F. Archdale, D.S.C., R.N.V.R., and eighteen men from the same boat.

Because the people of Amersham, Bucks, had adopted "Unbroken," this representative crew visited their foster-

parents to exchange plaques, and Saturday evening at seven-thirty was the time for the official dinner and presentation.

The submariners sat down at the British Restaurant between their hosts and hostesses. Some sat next to the daughters of their hosts, and they found ample material for laugh-provoking conversation. Some of the others, though, conversed on municipal affairs, because by that time they had satisfactorily answered such queries as how it felt to dive for the first time, when they were permitted to smoke, how long they stayed submerged, and why they wouldn't go back to general service.

### EVERYBODY HAPPY.

The soup, pork chops and two vegetables and beer made everyone feel happy, and the Allied flags hanging from the ceiling nudged each other in the draught, and as their straight lines wrinkled it looked as if they were smiling at being in the winning team.

By  
RONALD  
RICHARDS

All the local dignitaries were there; the chairman of the council, prominent tradesmen who were also councillors, people in Civil Defence uniforms, and people who had uniforms that associated them with bodies known only to themselves. Most people had their families with them and wore their best clothes.

The local branch of the Girls' Training Corps provided mess orderlies—sorry, waitresses—and they looked like W.R.N.S. in blue skirts and white blouses, though their grey stockings were drab and unattractive and their white blouses were later stained with gravy and beer.

The same organisation also provided washers-up. The



A.B. JIM MULLET GOT A BIG HAND

British Restaurant staff, after a full day's work, volunteered for the extra cooking duties.

Sg. William Osborne gulped pints for ten minutes because George Nixon, our photographer, wanted a picture of a girl filling his glass and he couldn't get his flash-bulbs to work.

The dinner over, came speeches and more beer. The chairman of the council paid tribute to the crew of "Unbroken" and to "All you men who have chosen this job for the preservation of the Homeland."

He referred to "your great and mighty task," and concluded by presenting a plaque from the people of Amersham "as an expression of gratitude for all you are doing for us." The crew also received gramophones and records, and A.B. Jim "Trampy" Mullet blushing accepted a tin whistle.

### "FIGHTING FORTY-TWO."

The skipper of "Unbroken" presented a plaque to the town, and in putting on record the thanks of all members of the crew, addressed the people of Amersham as "Owners of 'Unbroken.'"

He regarded the plaque he had received as "a key to the hearts of the citizens of Amersham and a symbol of access to your homes." He expressed his heartfelt gratitude, and in praise of other members of the delegation, said: "I have with me an extremely fine crew. I know them, and am very proud to be in command of them."

He closed with a mention of "The Fighting Forty-Two," or "Unbroken." There were very loud cheers.

The second-in-command, Lieut. E. F. Archdale, explained the markings on the boat's Jolly Roger. He beseeched thought for "those who were still out there in the Mediterranean," and he, too, complimented his crew on their meritorious work, who, he said, had done their respective jobs as well as they could be done.

C.P.O. Frank Sizer's witty and well-received speech was followed by speeches by local people who had served in previous wars and thought the gathering would like to know about them again.

A Home Guard concert followed, and beer was drunk and sandwiches were eaten. Lemonade, too, was put on the tables.

The party broke up and the hosts took their submariners home.

The crew left Amersham next day.

Nothing astonishes men so much as common sense and plain dealing.

Emerson.



UNBROKEN'S "VICTORY STRIPES" PLEASED THEM ALL

## Here's Some Sweet Music for You, Stoker PETER MORGAN

THESE are busy days for your wife, Stoker Peter Morgan; shopping, housework, piano practice, and writing letters to you and the families of your shipmates, Curren and Davis.

Ivy's parents are both well, and Albert, recently promoted A.C.1, was home on leave a short time ago.

After leaving the Army, John is living at home and has a job driving.

Your wife goes over to Highgate every Friday from her home in St. Pancras Way, Camden Town, to see your mother, and usually becomes involved in homework problems set by your three sisters and your brother.

Your hound, Bob, is still playful, and Ivy recalls many occasions when you and he used to sit in front of the fire.

Quite a number of friends have been asking after you;

the "Mrs." over the road at the "Black Horse," and Mr. and Mrs. Small and others. They all seem to be counting on some good yarns from you when next you gather behind pints.

Too bad about the double wedding not coming off; Ivy is hoping the celebrations will be held early in the New Year. Iris and Bill are going to make a supreme effort this time! We met Iris, and she said there had been three postponements because of circumstances.

Your good-luck horseshoe still hangs over the wedding pictures above the piano, so that Ivy can see it when she is playing.

Here is her special message:—

She says: "We will have another honeymoon in Somerset."



### HEARD THIS ONE?

"That was a funny signal you ran up when the Admiral fell in the drink," said Joe to his shipmate.

"Well, I kept it short by saying 'C in C in C,'" replied his chum.



## HOW THE BRIGADIER LOST HIS EAR (PART III)

### WANGLING WORDS—150

- Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after IGINAT, to make a word.
- Rearrange the letters of IT BARS ROADS, to make a Kentish resort.
- Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: BUST into FROG, TEAR into DROP, TOAD into HOLE, ALLS into WELL.
- How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from MONUMENTAL?

### Answers to Wangling Words—No. 149

- Englishmen.
- BOGNOR REGIS.
- HAWK, HARK, HARE, HATE, MATE, MOTE, MOTH, BAKED, BARED, BARES, BARN, TARN, TERN, TERMS, TEAMS, BEAMS, BEANS, SPADE, SPARE, SPARS, SEARS, HEARS, HEART, SOLO, SOLD, GOLD, GOAD, GOAT, BOAT, BRAT, DRAT, DRAM, TRAM, TRAP, TRIP, TRIO.
- Mast, Rats, Rots, Star, Room, Moor, Moan, Mail, Loam, Arts, Mica, Main, Calm, Talc, Torn, Soar, Also, Moon, Last, Lint, Lion, Nail, Lain, Tail, etc. Trail, Trial, Trams, Smart, Marts, Minor, Moist, Motor, Slain, Nails, Storm, Solar, Moron, Natal, Latin, Snort, Loins, Lions, Molar, etc.

### ODD CORNER

Rich treasures in minted gold are believed to lie hidden or sunk on the west coasts of Ireland and Scotland. About £1,500,000 of good Spanish coin was lost on these shores from the vessels of the Armada, but though the likely places have been combed by visitors and treasure hunters, particularly in the Sound of Mull, nothing has yet been found.

### Solution to Picture Quiz in 194— A SHUTTLECOCK

### JANE



# "I AM ILL! I AM MAD!"

+ + +

+ + +

+ + +

THEY are wonderful places, these great Venetian houses, palaces and fortresses and prisons all in one. I was led along a passage and down a bare stone stair until we came to a short corridor from which three doors opened. Through one of these I was thrust, and the spring lock closed behind me. The only light came dimly through a small grating which opened on the passage. Peering and feeling, I carefully examined the chamber in which I had been placed. I understood from what I had heard that I should soon have to leave it again in order to appear before this tribunal, but still, it is not my nature to throw away any possible chances.

The stone floor of the cell was so damp and the walls for some feet high were so slimy and foul that it was evident they were beneath the level of the water. A single slanting hole high up near the ceiling was the only aperture for light or air.

Three of the sides of my prison were formed of stone, but the fourth was of wood, and I could see that it had only recently been erected. Evidently a partition had been thrown up to divide a single large cell into two smaller ones. There was no hope for me in the old walls, in the tiny window, or in the massive door. It was only in this one direction of the wooden screen that there was any possibility of exploring.

My reason told me that if I should pierce it—which did not seem very difficult—it would only be to find myself in another cell as strong as that in which I then was. Yet I had always rather be doing something than doing nothing, so I bent all my attention and all my energies upon the wooden wall.

Two planks were badly joined and so loose that I was certain I could easily detach them. I searched about for some tool, and I found one in the leg of a small bed which stood in the corner. I forced the end of this into the chink of the planks.

Within a very few minutes I had loosened them in such a way that I could remove and replace them at pleasure. Passing through the aperture, I found myself in the farther cell, which, as I expected, was the other half of the one in which I had been confined.

I was not any nearer to escape than I had been before, for there was no other wooden wall which I could penetrate, and the spring lock of the door had been closed. There were no traces to show who was my companion in misfortune. Closing the two loose planks behind me, I returned to my own cell and waited there with all the courage which I could command for the summons which would probably be my death-knell.

It was a long time in coming, but at last I heard the sound of feet once more in the passage,

and I nerved myself to listen to some other odious deed and to hear the cries of the poor victim. Nothing of the kind occurred, however, and the prisoner was placed in the cell without violence. I had no time to peep through my hole of communication, for next moment my own door was flung open and my rascally gondolier, with the other assassins, came into the cell.

"Come, Frenchman," said he. He held his blood-

stained knife in his great hairy hand, and I read in his fierce eyes that he only looked for some excuse in order to plunge it into my heart.

Resistance was useless. I followed without a word.

I was led up the stone stair and back into that gorgeous chamber in which I had left the secret tribunal. I was ushered in, but to my surprise it was not on me that their attention was fixed. One of their own number, a tall, dark young man, was standing before them and was pleading with them in low, earnest tones.

His voice quivered with anxiety and his hands darted in and out or writhed to-

gether in an agony of entreaty. "You cannot do it! You cannot do it!" he cried. "I implore the tribunal to reconsider this decision." "Stand aside, brother," said the old man who presided. "The case is decided and another is up for judgment." "For Heaven's sake, be merciful!" cried the young man. "We have already been merciful," the other answered. "Death would have been a small penalty for such an offence. Be silent and let judgment take its course."

I saw the young man throw himself in an agony of grief into his chair. I had no time, however, to speculate as to what it was which was trou-

ling him, for his eleven colleagues had already fixed their stern eyes upon me. The moment of fate had arrived.

"You are Colonel Gerard?" said the terrible old man.

"I am."

"Aide-de-camp to the robber who calls himself General Suchet, who in turn represents that arch-robber Buonaparte?" It was on my lips to tell him that he was a liar, but there is

a time to argue and a time to be silent.

"I am an honourable soldier," said I. "I have obeyed my orders and done my duty." The blood flushed into the old man's face and his eyes blazed through his mask.

"You are thieves and murderers, every man of you," he cried. "What are you doing here? You are Frenchmen. Why are you not in France? Did we invite you to Venice? By what right are you here? Where are our pictures? Where are the horses of St. Mark? Who are you that you should pilfer those treasures which our fathers through so many centuries have collected? We were a great city when France was a desert. Your drunken, brawling, ignorant soldiers have undone the work of saints and heroes. What have you to say to it?"

He was, indeed, a formidable old man, for his white beard bristled with fury and he barked out the little sentences like a savage hound.

For my part, I could have told him that his pictures would be safe in Paris, that his horses were really not worth making a fuss about, and that he could see heroes—I say nothing of saints—without going back to his ancestors or even moving out of his chair. All this I could have pointed out, but one might as well argue with a Mamaluke about religion. I shrugged my shoulders and said nothing.

"The prisoner has no defence," said one of my masked judges.

"Has anyone any observation to make before judgment is passed?" The old man glared round him at the others.

"There is one matter, your excellency," said another. "It can scarce be referred to without reopening a brother's wounds, but I would remind you that there is a very particular reason why an exemplary punishment should be inflicted in the case of this officer."

"I had not forgotten it," the old man answered. "Brother, if the tribunal has injured you in one direction, it will give you ample satisfaction in another."

The young man who had been pleading when I entered the room staggered to his feet.

"I cannot endure it," he cried. "Your excellency must forgive me. The tribunal can act without me. I am ill! I am mad!" He flung his hands up with a furious gesture and rushed from the room.

(To be continued)

## QUIZ for today



- A borstall is a piece of armour, a country dance, a footpath, a school of correction, a weed?
- Who wrote (a) The Thirty-nine Steps, (b) Ten Little Nigger Boys?
- Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Southeby, Burns, Bridges, Holst, Keats, Tennysen.
- At what town do the rivers Dee and Don meet?
- What is the common name for azote?
- How many times does the letter E appear on (a) George V penny, (b) George VI penny?
- Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Phlegmatic, Parsemonious, Cavalcade, Petrefy, Exotic.
- The river Ganges is 500, 1,000, 1,500, 2,000 miles long?
- Who was Dr. Primrose?
- Correct, "Friends, Romans, countrymen, bend me your ears." Who wrote it?
- Henry VIII came to the throne in 1507, 1508, 1509, 1510, 1511?
- Complete the phrases, (a) Sweet and —, (b) Cut and —.

### Answers to Quiz in No. 194

- Eastern princess.
- (a) Rider Haggard, (b) Shakespeare.
- Carbon dioxide is a compound; the others are simple gases.
- Canon J. O. Hannay.
- Sam Weller, in "Pickwick Papers."
- Reading.
- Initiation, Obeisance.
- Four.
- Character in "Pilgrim's Progress."
- "Uncertain, coy, and hard to please." Sir W. Scott.
- 1904.

I thank God I am endued with such qualities that if I were turned out of the Realm in my petticoat I were able to live in any place in Christendom.  
Queen Elizabeth.

## ROUND THE WORLD

with our  
Roving Cameraman



### A LOAD OF MISCHIEF

Well, maybe not all mischief. In the donkey-cart sit the household of a well-to-do Moslem going for an outing in Cairo. There are five wives, five children and a baby in arms. And two of the wives just hate the idea of being photographed. The other three are not quite so shy; but the driver is there to see that everything is all in order and correct according to the Koran. And how would you like to be a Mohammedan now?

## CROSSWORD CORNER

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10				11		12		
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		36				37		
38							39	

### CLUES ACROSS.

- Male animal.
- Live.
- Comet's course.
- Fresh.
- Lurch.
- Got bigger.
- Bird.
- Took from another.
- Liking.
- Perches.
- Brief record.
- A score.
- Lower.
- Health resort.
- In haste.
- Silk material.
- Poem.
- Go fast.
- With least colour.
- Makes mistakes.

Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

SHAFT LOAFS  
MALARIA LIT  
OZONE WHILE  
KEN MANACLE  
V GLOW VEIL  
D AROSE P  
PACT KINK P  
ARRIVED EWE  
INANE LAPEL  
NET SPECIAL  
SLEET DESKS

### CLUES DOWN.

- Quietens.
- Vehicle.
- Sudden.
- Light boat.
- Mass of metal.
- Reptile.
- Hard study.
- Heed.
- Little duck.
- Travelled.
- Bewildered.
- Straddling.
- The same.
- Bivalve.
- Ruminants.
- Falls off.
- Promontory.
- Discourage.
- Quod.
- Jetty.
- Imitate.



## BEELZEBUB JONES



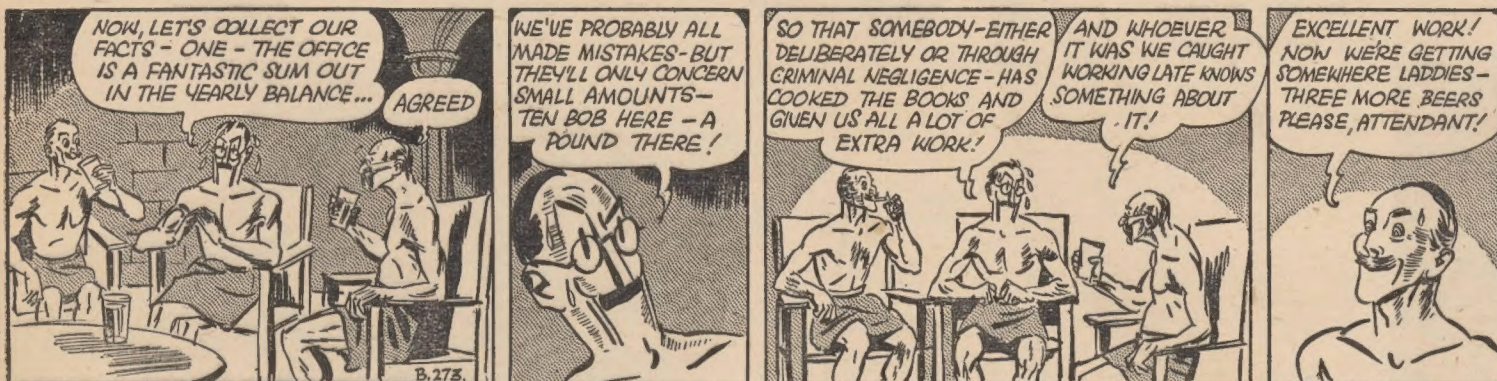
## BELINDA



## POPEYE



## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



## SLUMP IN DIVORCES

By Peter Davis

**F**ELLERS, we're living more happily ever after. Divorces are down by half, and are retreating still further from the pre-war tidal wave of 5,000 a year.

In any case, statistics prove that the greater number of divorced men re-marry—75 per cent., in fact. And statistics show, too, that the danger year of marriage isn't the first, but the seventh or eighth.

The greatest number of divorces all occur between the fifth and tenth years. Then the figures progressively slump.

Few men divorce from fifteen to twenty years after marriage. It's after twenty years that the danger signals glow again. The usual age for the deadlock is to be found between 29 and 43—precisely why, nobody knows.

## SAILORS DON'T CARE.

In peace-time, the Army usually provides the largest number of divorces. Right now, it's business men. Normally, commercial travellers account for 10 per cent.

Sailors, however, must make good husbands. They seldom petition for divorce.

Englishmen are the most divorce-free of the Allies. The divorce-marriage ratio for this country is 1.1 per cent. It's 1.9 for Canada, 4.4 for Australia, and rises to as high as 5.3 for New Zealand.

The U.S.A. percentage is way up to 18 per hundred. Only Soviet Russia gives comparable figures.

## WHO STOLE THE BLANKETS.

It has been considered "extreme cruelty" in Florida, for instance, for a woman to smoke cigars in bed before breakfast, for a man to eat biscuits in bed, or brag about a big fish he has caught, or chew tobacco.

A strip-tease lady won a divorce because her husband didn't resent her work. Another woman got hers because her husband monopolised all the blankets and responded to her protests with blows.

Reno has dissolved marriages for planting chewing-gum on furniture, and has found against hubbies who wear nightshirts or tell "mother-in-law stories" at table to their wives' friends.

A husband was divorced one morning on the grounds of desertion and married an hour later. The judge was scarcely back from lunch when wife No. 2 stormed into court and demanded a divorce for cruelty.

## LAW WAS COLD-SHOULDERED.

Back in the good old days divorce could be made only by Act of Parliament, and the cost was £1,000 or so. Small wonder that in the 150 years immediately preceding the Matrimonial Causes Act of 1857 there were only 230 divorces—less than two a year—cold comfort to lawyers specialising in divorce cases.

Till recently statistics have been rising and divorce has always been getting cheaper. Lowest cost to-day in Britain need be no more than a fiver, but is far more likely to be £140.

Havana gives divorces for as low as £2, and the Mexican State of Chihuahua is trying to get the trade by offering a divorce in one day for £10.

The divorce mills of Miami chew up twice as many as Reno. In Sweden, with less publicity, divorces may be obtained through the post by mutual consent, and there's a divorce to every twenty marriages.

While you hear a lot about queer ways of getting a divorce, you hear less of the pleas that merely displease the judges.

It wasn't enough for a New York wife, for instance, to say that her husband did imitations of Hitler. It wasn't considered cruelty in Chicago last year for a professional soup-taster to shout "What! More soup?" at his wife, and to throw the plate in her face.

Nor did a Minnesota wife get away with it when she complained that her mate's red hair interfered with the colour of the furnishings.

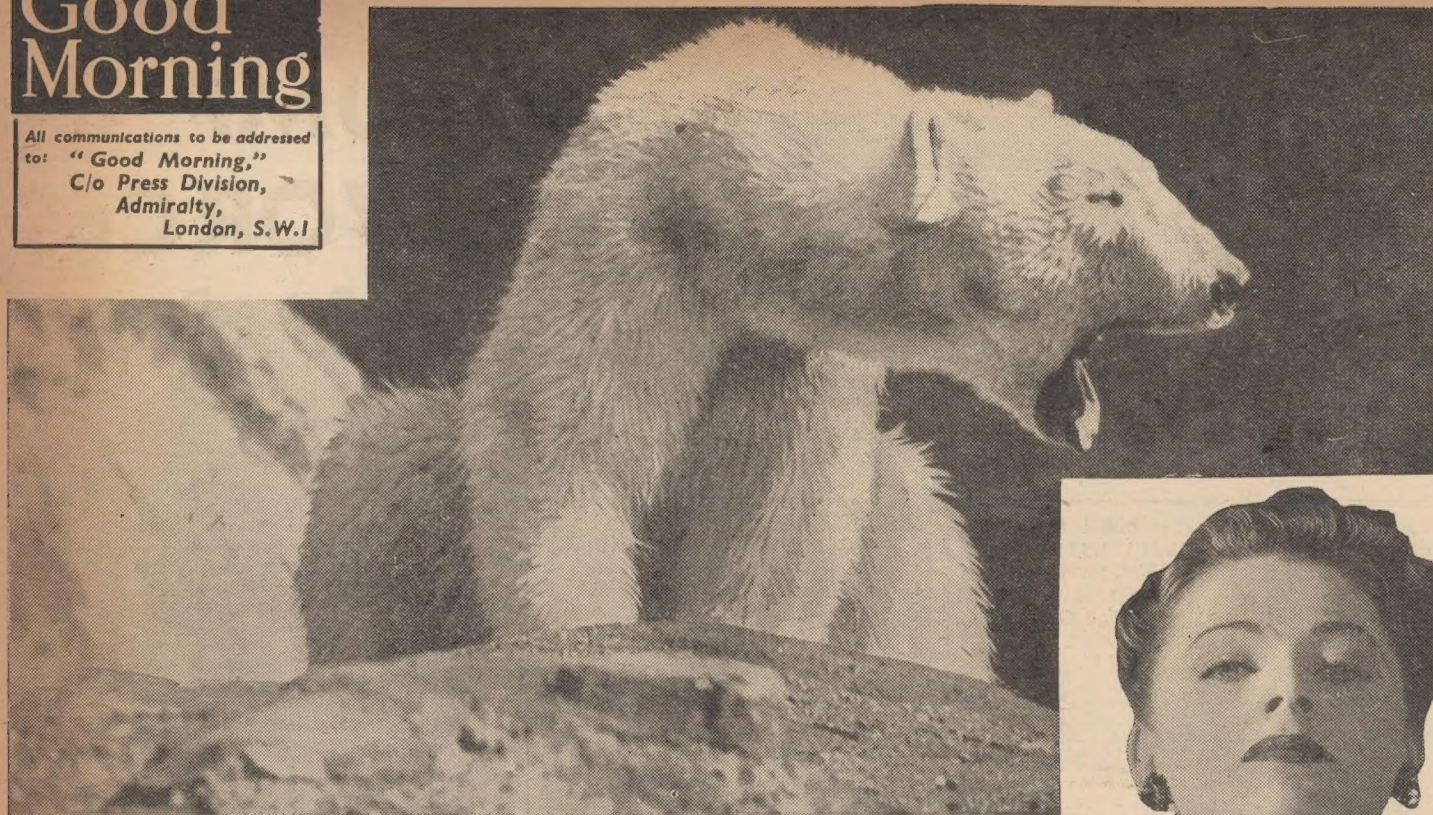
In New York a man filed suit because of his wife's coffee. The court told him that he didn't have "sufficient grounds."

Send your Stories,  
Jokes and ideas  
to the Editor



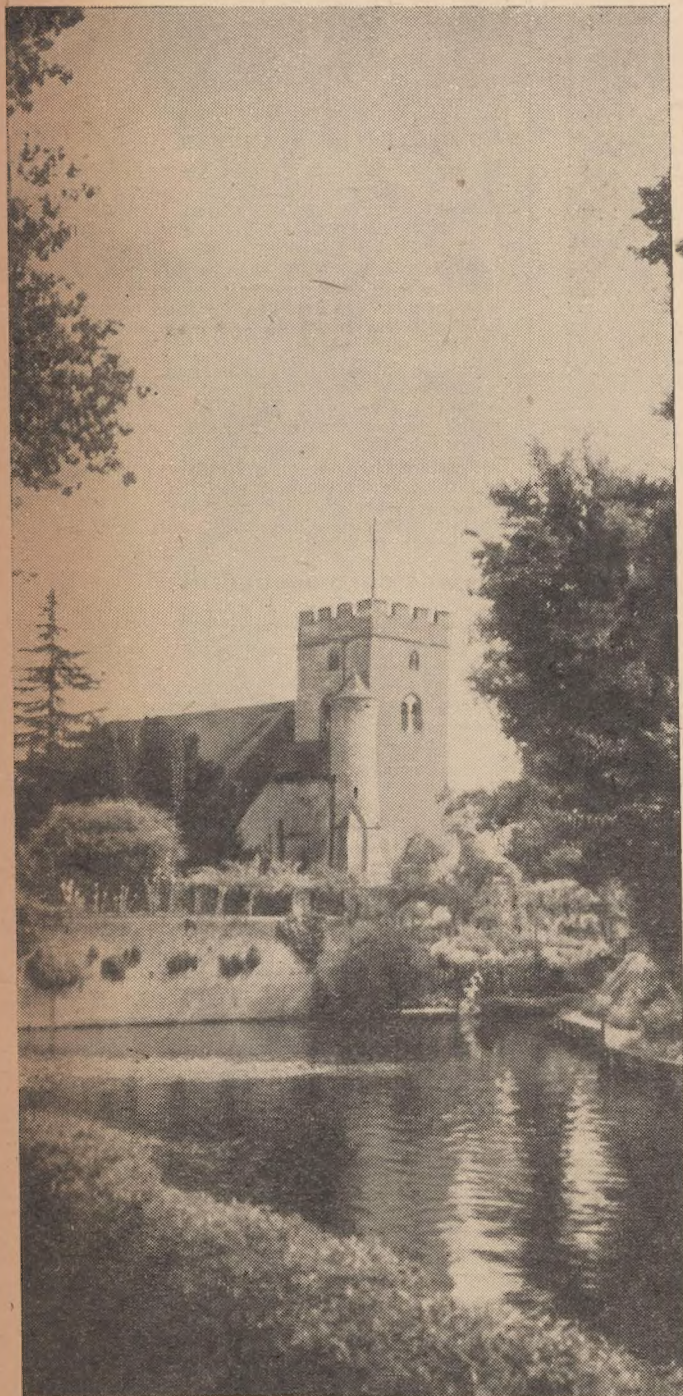
# Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1



"Hell. I'm bored stiff, and yawn I darn well will. Anyway, if you folks don't like it, just kid yourselves I'm M.G.M. lion gone all Snow-white."

"Well, I'm here at last. I've always wanted to see inside a submarine, and now I'm here. Gosh! Isn't it marvellous?"



Almost think that Eleanor Parker was saying "You can take it or leave it," wouldn't you? Even if she is, the Warner Bros. star looks mighty attractive.



## This England

Ever passed away delightful hours up river? If you have, maybe this delightful glimpse of Goring-on-Thames will remind you of... Well...



"This is no place for an argument. Can't you be reasonable?"

"I'm being reasonable, and I'll argue where I like, even if I hold the whole of London up."

### SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Grrr... you're holding up production."

